

## Steve Goes Christmas Shopping by FruitfulMind

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**Summary:**

A short drabble of Steve buying presents for the kids (and with them) just because it's the holidays!

## Steve Goes Christmas Shopping

Steve slunk into the store, his head ducked down low. Lucas and Max pushed past him, lost in their animated conversation. The rest of The Party follow after Steve, looking around, excited as children in a candy store. Except, this candy store was actually a toy store. Before he can warn them to stay in the store, Dustin is leading Max to the Star Wars display, a curious El ghosting after. Steve still felt a weight on his sleeve, finding a clinging Will refusing to leave the teenager's side.

Even before they left for the store, Steve asked hundreds of times if Will was okay. The kid had a hell of a week; Will had been possessed, almost died, AND lost his kind of dad. And to think that Steve thought losing the love of his life was the worse thing to ever happen. "You can look at the stuff, little man." Will looked alert. Then, realizing it was him being spoken to, looked up to Steve. "I'll be right here." Steve promised. The boy looked apprehensive at first, clinging to Steve. He looked around the toy store with wide, timid eyes. Then, as if realizing nothing was going to hurt him, slowly let go Steve's sleeve. He took baby steps towards a large collection of figurines, touching them. The little normalcy was welcomed after such a hectic week.

Steve found himself smiling as he watched will. At first, he wondered why he why he let himself get dragged into buying the kids their Christmas presents. Nancy and John seemed grateful for his offering to take the kids out, and Steve felt good doing it; it wasn't as if their parents (other than Mr. and Mrs. Sinclar, and Ms. Byers -- they were the best parents in Hawkins) were going to. So Steve volunteered himself.

This meant he was babysitting the most adventurous kids in his life. *"There should be a series about a bunch of kids who go on adventures, and whose parents never know where they went."* Steve thought to himself. He stopped wandering, pausing to pick a modeling kit up. Steve wondered how hard it would be for someone like him to build a model plane. As he pondered modeling kits and how his life had gotten to this point, the time flew by. Surely enough, the kids were

done choosing their presents, with Steve compiling them together as he walked to the register. A cheery smiling woman greeted him, asking, "did you find everything okay, sir?"

Steve answered with a soft hello and yes, loading the toys on to the counter. He still was a smidge abashed, wondering what his friends would think if they saw him buying toys for a group of middle schoolers.

As the woman begun running up the prices, she continued their conversation. "Buying presents for your kids?" The woman asked, smiling towards her customer. The large haired man smiled weakly, raking a hand through his locks.

"You could say that." He sighed out, his eyes glancing back over his shoulder.

Although surprised at his answer, she smiled brighter. "Oh. That's cute, how old are they?" She grabbed a new bag, carefully placing the miniatures inside of it.

Steve blinked, looking to her and then to the ceiling. His fingers tapped against the counter, deep in thought. "They're thirteen." He said after the pause. The cashier looked shocked, her Christmas red lips opening a bit.

"That's..." She paused, shocked at his answer. "I'm sorry," she apologized. "It's just you look so young!"

Steve chuckled through his nose, the corners of his lips tugging in a smile. "I'm 18," he said, amused. Although he wasn't sure why he called them his, the little dweebs were as close as younger siblings as the only child could get. "I get that a lot." He calmly said, though his heart warmed proudly. "They're into this stuff--" His eyes shifted towards the door, the jingling bells above the door sounding off. He saw the familiar cap of Dustin exiting.

"Come on, asswad!" Dustin yelled to Steve, already running out the door. The rest of The Party is halfway down the block with Max leading, much to the chagrin of Mike. Even as grumpy as he is, the moment he slows down to talk to El, it's all smiles.

Steve's head snaps up to yell a similar word to him, just as he remembers where he is. "I'm sorry about him." He says, tossing the money on the counter. Before the cashier can say anything, he's jogging after the child, scolding him. The woman stands, staring at the swinging door.

"What just happened?" She wondered out loud.